

His Valentine

I am a sunbeam, you are a child;
All melting and sweet in the weather;
A breeze stirs the tresses of your hair,
And mingles our treasures together.

I fly from you over the trees' jeweled
heights;
You follow with limpid soft laughter,
And catch with your baby hands leaf
filtered lights—
I fly, and you ever come after!

I am yours so divinely—yet yours not
at all;
I pine for your lips, moist and glowing,
You cry as I leave you at sable night-
fall,
And both are undone at the going.

But when all is still and in slumber you
lie,
A-dream with our innocent blisses,
I come in a moonbeam, and lingering by,
I cover your red mouth with kisses.

So if you be far or if you be near,
I always must hover above you;
Of all the world's garden to me the
most dear—
I love you—I love you—I love you!
—Genevieve Farnell.



Tactics of the Little Pagan God

THOUGH the little pagan god who nearly always accompanies St. Valentine on February 14 has the same purpose wherever he goes, yet he does not everywhere employ the same methods for its accomplishment. His tactics differ in different places. He is as versatile as he is capricious. In New York city he still finds a way to my lady's heart by going to her in a dainty bit of pasteboard, tissue paper, tinsel and paint, all tucked away in a scented envelope. In Berlin he has recently found a new means of wounding his victims in the "cooling postals," which are so constructed that when squeezed they will imitate the plaintive note of a dove. In more prosaic London cupid has abandoned the postman for the telephone, and the up-to-date London lover no longer sends his sweetheart an ardent message by letter, but recites it over the wire into her very ear.

Yet the most picturesque St. Valentine day customs are not to be found in the big cities, but in out-of-the-way regions, where human nature retains much of its old-time simplicity. In some of the rural villages of England, for example, the season is observed in much the same way as in the time of Queen Elizabeth and many a quaint superstition still survives. In remote villages of Derbyshire the custom still prevails of maidens looking out of their windows in the early morn of St. Valentine's day to learn who their lovers may be. Every girl who wants to get married is supposed to jump out of bed just at daybreak

and dressing hastily open a window facing the street. There she must wait until some man passes by, who tips his hat and says to her: "Good-morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day." In reply she says: "Good-morrow, sir, I'll be your valentine." As a usual thing, however, the passerby is not a stranger. A Derbyshire girl usually keeps the shutters closed until through some crevice in them she spies the man she wants.

Of all observances, however, the most popular in England is that best known as "sweeping the girls." If a girl is not kissed by an admirer before nine o'clock on St. Valentine's morning she is said to be "dusty." Accordingly all the young men of the neighborhood on learning that some young woman has remained unloved past the fatal hour make an attack on her house with brooms, and after sweeping her thoroughly, each of her callers kisses her.

The French province of Lorraine has a custom somewhat similar, which is called "beating the ladies." It dates back to the sixteenth century. On St. Valentine's morning every marriageable daughter is expected to arise at daybreak and bake a heart-shaped cake for the first young man who may come for it. If she should oversleep, however, and her lover should call to find her all unkind of him and the occasion which brought him to her door then his rivals are privileged to punish her in the following fashion: Armed with wisps of hay they may invade her room and, compelling her to get up, they may administer a not especially ungentle thrashing.

In the county of Norfolk, England, there still survives a custom which recalls the times when St. Valentine's day was observed throughout Great Britain and the continent by the presentation of substantial gifts. In this way not only lovers remembered their mistresses, but parents their children, husbands their wives, and in the merry days of Charles II. husbands gave presents to other men's wives.



Time mends a Broken Heart

A BACHELOR'S VALENTINE

Sweet maiden, with the eyes of blue,
Or gray, or brown (or any hue),
On bended knee,
I offer thee,
A bachelor's valentine.

Oh, would that thou might'st deign to
come,
And bodily illumine my home,
I scarce can dare
To breathe the prayer,
Let me not hope in vain!

Oh, Eastern maid! So fair and sweet,
Behold me, wounded, at your feet,
Love's fatal dart
Has pierced my heart,
Your sympathy I crave.

Speak, Heart's Desire, my Turtle Dove,
And say that you return my love,
Then fast and far,
Like Lochinvar,
I'll ride for your sweet sake.

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

IN SLUMBER ROBES

ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE NIGHTGOWN MODELS.

Exquisite French Linen Employed in Empire Piece with Novel Sleeves—Touches That Give Quaint and Picturesque Air.

At this season of the year women's minds dwell on dainty lingerie and the splendid offerings that are to be found in the shops. It is the time when slightly worn or passe ward-robings are replenished for the spring.

Among the many nightgown models



A New Nightgown.

found in the exquisite French lingerie sent over here is an empire piece provided with novel sleeves. The garment is a mass of valenciennes entre

deux and embroidery applique from the high waist belt to the neck. There is no trimming below the ribbon run beading which forms the belt, only full widths of the sheerest nainsook.

The valenciennes strips are applied in an attractive lattice pattern, with tiny diamond shaped pieces of the nainsook separating the lace bands. The neck of the gown is cut in a Dutch square, with a band of lace outlining it; a tiny beading heads this, while inside is a narrow frill of lace to finish the neck. The beading is run with ribbon, which ties in front. Empire nightgowns invariably fasten in front unless the neck is cut out enough to allow it to slip over the head.

At each side of the front is applied a flower medallion done in fine needlework, and on each shoulder is another medallion a trifle smaller. This forms a top for the new nightgown sleeve, which is shorter than those that have been worn and is shaped more like a circular cap than a semi-fitted sleeve. A frill of lace finishes the edge of the sleeves, and above this, spaced an inch or more apart, are two rows of the lace insertion. Extending from the upper horizontal row are three vertical strips, which connect the shoulder medallion with the cross bands of trimming. A quaint and picturesque air is imparted to this dainty bit of lingerie by the beading belt, which comes, in true empire fashion, just under the bust. It fastens in front with a fancy ribbon bow.

Whether nightgowns are gathered into a belt after this fashion or not they are provided with full short sleeves and they have the trimming extending quite low. The entire top of the gown, both front and back, may be decorated with medallions and lace, and instead of having the necessary fullness gathered on below the belt it will be arranged by means of clusters of fine vertical tucks, which are laid between the medallions and do not interfere with the design carried out in the lace and embroidery.

Bones play an important part in dress-making nowadays, and especially in waists, girdles and collars. As the collars must be high now, it is necessary to bone them to make them stand up. The collars of the lingerie waists and of all dressy waists are higher just behind the ear, where they slope upward slightly. Featherbone is largely used, and it is easy to handle, as it requires no covering except at the ends. Stitches may be taken through it at any point, and last but not least, it is inexpensive.

The best and cleverest way to bone a collar is to cut the whalebone into the proper lengths for collar supports. Five pieces of bone are necessary for the average collar, two for under the chin, which should be about two or 2½ inches apart at the base of the collar and slant until they are an inch farther apart at the top of the collar. These two bones are about half an inch shorter than the two which should be put underneath and a little behind the ear.

The collar must be tied on to determine the proper position for these. The fifth bone is the same height as the two front bones, and is to be put in the middle of the back of the collar. These bones are not to be sewed directly to the collar, but are to be sewed to a little framework collar made of tapes. A piece of tape which just fits comfortably but snugly around the base of the neck forms the bottom of the framework, and for the top a piece of tape which is a trifle larger than is necessary for comfort is chosen. These pieces of tape are joined together by six pieces of tape. Two in the front in exactly the same position which the featherbone is to occupy, and two under the ears and two at each end. These six pieces should be made of two pieces of tape to form pockets, and into these pockets the featherbone is slipped.

One side of the back requires no featherbone, though this may be used if desired; for it will remain upright when fastened to the other side of the back, which contains featherbone. Hooks are sewed to one side of the back and eyes to the other, and the little framework is ready to put in the collar of a dress at a moment's notice. Bones treated in this way will never stick into the neck or scratch it, and will never bend and twist out of shape.

Lemon is also an excellent shampoo for white hair, giving it a lovely silvery luster and keeping it soft and pliable.

FOR THE STOUT WOMAN.
Nine or Twelve-Gored Model the Best for the Skirt.

It seems that persons who design fashions consider none except those who are slender and young, with suggestions few and far between for the elderly woman and scarcely any for the stout woman. A skirt which is being made for a stout woman should be a nine or twelve gored model. A person of extreme stoutness should choose a pattern with even more gores, in order to make the skirt fit with perfect flatness about the hips.

As it is impossible for a stout woman to look well in the hipless fashions, she may as well accept her fate and dress as becomingly as she can. A skirt which springs out into fullness below the hip line is certainly more becoming than one which fits snugly below the hips. The skirt is the only garment where lines of sufficient length can be given to obtain graceful proportions.

Many women make the great mistake of sacrificing the "length of line"

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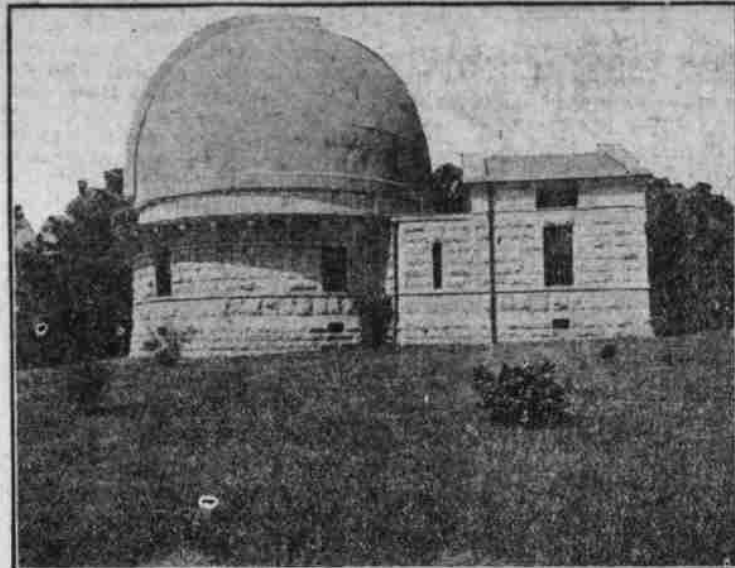
To Make Arms Plump.
There are many good roads which lead to making thin arms plump, and probably one of the most commonly trod of these is the daily massaging of the arms with olive oil. Massage the arms gently and work the sweet olive oil thoroughly into them. The arms must be exercised also. Seat yourself at a table and lay the forearms on it with the palms of the hands touching the table. Without lifting the palms from the table, briskly raise and spread all the fingers.

Book Lover's Reward.
He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for old age.—Carlyle.

for the whim of trimming the skirt in the passing fancy. Trimming on a skirt always cuts a woman into halves or thirds and emphasizes her stoutness and chunkiness. The only trimming which a stout woman should have on her skirt, if she must have it, is a fold or band of the material. This is the most popular method of trimming the skirt at the present day. The fold must come directly at the bottom of the skirt and by no means six inches above the bottom of the skirt.

Milk and Salt for Skin.
A treatment which is simple and beneficial to the good appearance of the skin is the milk and salt treatment. Wash the face at night just before going to bed with hot water and salt, using the salt as you would soap. Do not use the water or dry. Then rinse in cold water. Apply a solution made of one teaspoonful of salt to two tablespoonfuls of milk as a cold cream or skin food. After a few applications the face will be smooth as ivory and will be a delicate pink.

U. S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY



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BABS' SAREWITCH

By Norman Hopewell

(Copyright.)

"I flink I shall go and back the win-
ner now," observes Lady Babs.

The nine-year-old daughter of the earl of Fulham, preparatory to putting her intention into execution, holds up her riding habit with both hands, so as to exhibit as much as she can of her new top-boots to the crowd in the birdcage.

"You're going to do what?" asks Mrs. Fane, in astonishment; but Babs pretends not to hear.

"I say, young woman," calls her father, "One moment. Where have you been for the last half hour?"

"I've been on the Heath with Alured and Mrs. Fane. I flink Newmarket's the nicest place I know for a gallop. You ought to have seen my pony! I held Alured from the Ditch right across to the Bushes without extendin' him; and Alured's mare is quite moderately good, you know. Seen my boots, admiral?" she asks inconsequently of an elderly man who comes up at the moment.

The admiral fixes his place-eyes on his nose and affects deep interest.

"By Jove, they're splendid!" he declares.

"Ain't they ripplin'?" I showed them to Kink, and he said they were quite vewy down the road. Isn't anybody goin' to take me into the ring to back Velveteen for the 'Sarewitch?" she asks.

"But, my dear child," demurs Mrs. Fane, "The ring! You mustn't think of it!"

"Why Velveteen?" asks the earl. "She's at 33 to 1! Hasn't a ghost of a chance. Why not support your daddy's horse, Babs?"

They are standing at the door of the loose-box where the earl's four-year-old is awaiting the event of the day. Babs gives him a perfunctory glance and shakes her little head sagely.

"Not for anything," is her decision. "He can't stay the course, and besides I wasn't at all satisfied with the way he moved at exercise yesterday."

"The deuce you weren't," says the earl, with a laugh. "You're getting to know too much. Is that your personal opinion, or did you read it in the papers?"

"I never read the papers," affirms Babs. "Kink says they only give winners once a year, and then it's only for a walk-over."

"Who is Kink?" asks Mrs. Fane. "He's our head gardeners son; but now he's apprenticed at Mr. Wilson's, the trainer; and he's a great friend of mine."

"He's mashed on Babs," explains her brother, Alured, with a grin.

"Babs is a much nicer boy than you are," retorts Babs. "And he rides as well as—as Otto Madden!"

"And he says that Velveteen will win, does he?" puts in the admiral; and Babs nods affirmatively.

"I suppose he hasn't given you his reasons for that astounding prediction?" suggests the earl.

"It's nothing of the kind," objects Babs, without quite knowing what prediction means. "It's a stone-blind cert." She puts no emphasis on the phrase, merely uses it as one might a plain statement of fact.

The admiral is vastly amused, but has a struggle not to show it.

"Oh, don't ask me," murmured the earl in reply to Mrs. Fane's look of questioning astonishment. "I don't know where she picks up her stable talk."

"Well, what else did you—did Mr. Kink say?" inquires the admiral when he has regained control of his features.

"I can't quite remember his exact words," replies Babs, "but I flink he said the favorite couldn't win in a couple of fortnights if Velveteen—that's Mr. Milton's filly, you know—this stood right sides up."

This she says with a perfectly innocent expression on her cherub-like face, and shows considerable indignation when it is recalled with an explosion of laughter.

"I'm perfectly serious," she protests. "I know Velveteen's form to an ounce. It's a founsd to a fock'n on her."

"Babs!" exclaims Mrs. Fane. "How dreadful!"

"But—Velveteen!" derides the earl. "She's the rankest outsider of the whole lot!"

"That has nothing to do with it, daddy," argues Babs. "Kink told me to put my shirt on her."

"I don't think he can be a very nice boy to talk to you like that," demurs Mrs. Fane.

"Oh, but I assure you he is," declares Babs, "or they wouldn't have him in the choir of St. Matfews."

"Is that where he gives you tips?" she asks in a shocked voice.

"Sometimes—during the anthem, when my governess is local terror for the organist, and I'm wiv her."

"Local what?" gasps the earl.

"During the anthem?" wonders Mrs.

Fane. "Why during the anthem? I should have thought the offertory—"

"Oh," interrupts her ladyship, "Kink wouldn't dream of talking; but he sings what he wants to tell me while the anthem's goin' on. He does it like this:

Vel—vet—een is hot stuff,
Vel—vet—een is hot stuff,

She—won her tri—al yes—ter—day
And no—fing else is in it straight.
Back oh back her wiv all your spon—
du—lics
Back her.

The weird words, though chanted in a subdued treble, are strangely reminiscent of last Sunday's service. Mrs. Fane is filled with dismay. She gives an apprehensive glance to right and left. The earl laughs sardonically.

"What rot!" exclaims Alured. "Well, I'm—blessed!" murmurs the admiral as the saddling bell rings. He reaches down to the little hand. "Come along, Babs. I'll take you into Tatter-sall's. You've earned it!"

He threads a way through the shouting crowd until he finds the book-maker he is in search of.

"Oh, go and git your teeth stopped with your 'alf quid!" the latter is advising a troublesome backer; but his manner suddenly changes when he sees the newcomers.

"Lady Barbara Valence desires to do a little business with you, Mr. May," says the admiral.

The bookmaker raises his hat. "At your ladyship's service," he bows.

Babs lifts her little dog-skin-gloved hand and exhibits a sovereign. "I want to put this on Velveteen," she informs him.

"Forty to one to you, my lady," returns the bookmaker.

"Will you give me back the sovereign?" asks Babs.

"Yes, your ladyship—if Velveteen wins."

"Oh, she will," comments Babs amid amusement from the bystanders. "Ain't you goin' to back her, too, admiral?" she asks.

"Dash my main-deck battery if I don't!" exclaims the admiral suddenly; and Mr. May books four hundred to ten to him.

"Now we'll go and watch Velveteen win," observes Babs placidly.

Ten minutes later she is leaning over the front of the club stand watch-



"I Want to Put This on Velveteen."

ing the race through the admiral's glasses. The field are coming out of the dip. Babs follows them steadily. In dull thunder they pass the Bushes, while the ring yell confusedly.

"The favorite wins!"

"That's all gas and gaiters!" observes Babs, placidly.

Presently there arises a mighty shout:

"The favorite's beat—beat to blazes!"

A bay—in Mr. Milton's claret and gray—forges past the leader. Babs puts down her glasses.

"Velveteen strolls in!" she announces. "A dead snip, wasn't it, admiral?"

"I've a jolly good mind to kiss you!" beams the admiral.

"I've a jolly good mind to let you," smiles Babs.

What It Leads To.
Wife (reading)—A scientist claims that a cryptococcusanthogenolac causes yellow fever.

Husband—Indeed! I always imagined it was something of that kind that caused lockjaw.—Chicago Daily News.

Its Definition.
"Pop, what is a biting remark?"

"I suppose it is the kind that you say to a person's teeth."—Baltimore American.

HIS ONLY OPPORTUNITY.



"Does your wife talk in her sleep, major?"

"No, I talk in her sleep—it's the only chance I get."

He "Followed Copy."

Mrs. Marble, after the death of her husband, went to Mr. Stone (a dealer in headstones) and consulted him in reference to an inscription. She said: "Put on it: 'To my dearest husband,' and if there be any room left, 'we shall meet in heaven.'"

Entering the cemetery and going to her husband's grave, she noticed the headstone, and quickly rushed to see how he had engraved it. The poor old widow's heart beat with pain when she read the following on the headstone: "To my dearest husband, and if there be any room left, we shall meet in heaven."—Port Chester Record.

PURE FOOD.

No Food Commissioner of any State Has Ever Attacked the Absolute Purity of Grape-Nuts.

Every analysis undertaken shows this food to be made strictly of Wheat and Barley, treated by our processes to partially transform the starch parts into a form of Sugar, and therefore much easier to digest.

Our claim that it is a "Food for Brain and Nerve Centres" is based upon the fact that certain parts of Wheat and Barley (which we use) contain Nature's brain and nerve-building ingredients, viz.: Phosphate of Potash, and the way we prepare the food makes it easy to digest and assimilate. Dr. Geo. W. Carey in his book on "The Biochemical System of Medicine" says:

"When the medical profession fully understands the nature and range of the phosphate of potassium, insane asylums will no longer be needed."

"The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic salt, potassium phosphate."

"This salt unites with albumen, and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve-fluid, or the gray matter of the brain."

"Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve-fluid, but potassium phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life. Therefore, when nervous symptoms arise, due to the fact that the nerve-fluid has been exhausted from any cause, the phosphate of potassium is the only true remedy, because nothing else can possibly supply the deficiency."

"The ills arising from too rapidly consuming the gray matter of the brain cannot be overestimated. Phosphate of Potash, is to my mind, the most wonderful curative agent ever discovered by man, and the blessings it has already conferred on the race are many. But what shall the harvest be when physicians everywhere fully understand the part this wonderful salt plays in the processes of life? It will do as much as can be done through physiology to make a heaven on earth."

"Let the overworked business man take it and go home good-tempered. Let the weary wife, nerves unstrung from attending to sick children or entertaining company, take it and note how quickly the equilibrium will be restored and calm and reason assert her throne. No 'proving' are required here. We find this potassium salt largely predominates in nerve-fluid, and that a deficiency produces well-defined symptoms. The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Please observe that Phosphate of Potash is not properly of the drug-shop variety but is best prepared by "Old Mother Nature" and stored in the grains ready for use by mankind. Those who have been helped to better health by the use of Grape-Nuts are legion.

"There's a Reason."

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writes who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes:

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them."

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep. When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, and also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good natured and contented."

"I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk, instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night."

"I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

POSTUM CEREAL CO.,